



Whether Common or Not

By Will M. Maupin.

WHILE SPEAKING OF CULINARY ARTISTS.

I have heard so many fellows telling
with a glow of pride
Of the wondrous pies and doughnuts
that their mothers used to
make;
And I've sat in awe and wonder as
they've pranced around and
tried
To convince me that their mothers
took the ribbon for their cake.
Far from me to doubt their stories of
the culinary skill
Of their ancestors maternal in the
days now dead and past,
But I'm here to tell you truly that
your truthful Uncle Bill
Is upon this thing of cooking quite
a brave iconoclast.

Now, my mother had few equals in
the culinary line,
And she made a line of foodstuffs
that was known for miles
around;
Fies and doughnuts, cakes and jellies,
bread and sauces—they were
fine—
And upon the pantry shelving in
abundance they were found.
But while here and now declaring that
she knew her business well,
And was something of a wonder in
concocting things to eat,
I've in mind another artist, of whose
skill I love to tell—
She's a culinary wonder, and her
cooking can't be beat.

Mother made a pie of pumpkin that
was known along the line,
But the cook I have can beat her
by a half a dozen blocks;
Mother made bread called "self risin'"
and I tell you it was fine,
But the bread my cook makes for
me ev'ry ripe persimmon
knocks.
In the art of cake construction moth-
er always showed up right,
But the cook that feeds me gives
her ev'ry single card and spade
In constructing cake and such things
that just fit my appetite
When upon the supper table in their
glory they're displayed.

Yes, my mother was an artist in the
art of cooking things
That went to the spot instant
when she dished them up for
me;
And discussion of the question back
to mem'ry always brings
Thoughts of home and days of boy-
hood in the Land of Used to Be.
But grim justice is demanding that
I give my meed of praise
To the skillful cook who blesses
ev'ry day and hour of life
in the happy, glowing present, and
my earnest voice I raise
In a song of deep thanksgiving for
this wondrous cook—my wife.

THE EVENTUAL AWAKENING OF MR. BIM.

Mr. Bim was head bookkeeper for
the firm of Heza, Squeeza & Co., and
accounted one of the best in the busi-
ness. His duties were onerous and
his responsibilities large, and al-
though a small man of none too ro-
bust physique he bore his burden well
and appeared to be a very happy man.

There was no reason why Mr. Bim
should not be happy, however, for
by dint of hard work and close econ-
omy he had managed to acquire a
comfortable little home, and that
home was blessed by a charming wife
and three or four little Bims. In ad-
dition to his duties as bookkeeper for
the firm Mr. Bim was something of a
political leader in his suburb, that
duty having been imposed upon him
by Mr. Squeeza, who was the political
manipulator for the big manufactur-
ing firm.

"The best interests of our country
demand that the protective tariff be
continued," said Mr. Squeeza, in con-
fidential mood, to Mr. Bim, "and
doubtless you will agree with me in
that proposition."

"I have not given the matter seri-
ous consideration," said Mr. Bim,
"but I am inclined to agree with you."

"Certainly you do," said Mr.
Squeeza. "Without the protective
tariff we could not do business and
pay good wages. The tariff is the bul-
wark of the workingmen of this coun-
try because it shuts out the pauper
made goods of Europe and enables us
to find a home market, and that en-
ables us to employ American work-
men and American wages."

"That seems reasonable," said Mr.
Bim.

"It is reasonable, sir. Indeed, it
is absolutely true, and we expect our
workingmen to vote for their own in-
terests as well as for the firm's."

By degrees Mr. Bim's political du-
ties had been impressed upon his mind,
and he soon blossomed into a politi-

cal manipulator of considerable force.
It was through his efforts that his
ward always sent a delegation to the
county convention that could be
manipulated in the interests of Heza,
Squeeza & Co.'s plans.

Mr. Bim gave very little thought to
political economy. He merely per-
formed what he thought was his duty
to his employers, and in his leisure
time pottered around his little cottage
and played with the children.

The first shock Mr. Bim received
was when his wages were reduced 20
per cent without warning. He mod-
estly sought information from the
general manager, Mr. Heza, who said
to him:

"I am sorry to do it, Mr. Bim, but
necessity compels it. Business is not
good and we find it necessary to cur-
tail expenses. We hope to restore
wages in a few months."

This set Mr. Bim to thinking. He
knew, as bookkeeper, that the factory
was selling more goods at higher
prices than ever before, and that ex-
penses had not increased in propor-
tion to profits. After thinking awhile
he suddenly remembered that for sev-
eral months a great change had been
going on in the personnel of the
firm's employees. New employees with
unpronounceable names were being
added, while old employees who owned
little homes and were bearing names
easily pronounced and quite familiar,
had been dismissed.

Mustering up his courage he spoke
to Mr. Heza about it.

"We are merely employing men best
suited to our business," said Mr. Heza.
"These American workmen are be-
coming too independent, and we find
it necessary to employ men who are
amenable to discipline."

This satisfied Mr. Bim for a little
while, but when he was notified of an-
other reduction in his wages he grew
restless. He went home and got down

the bills from the butcher and grocer,
and found that while his wages had
been reduced 30 per cent, his meat
and groceries were costing him from
20 to 30 per cent more than they had
before his wages were sliced down.

"I can not understand it," said Mr.
Bim to Jim Harkness, foreman in
the foundry department of the factory
and one of the men whom Mr. Bim
could not control politically.

"You mean you don't try to under-
stand it," retorted Harkness. "But
it's plain enough. The packers have
a trust and can force prices up as
high as they please. Sugar is con-
trolled by a trust. The tariff keeps
out foreign cattle and foreign sugar.
This —"

"But the tariff compels them to pay
higher wages," said Mr. Bim.

"O, does it?" said Harkness.
"Haven't you noticed how wages have
been cut in our factory? The tariff
keeps out the pauper made goods of
Europe, but the fellows who make the
goods in Europe come over here in
bunches and go to work for European
wages. Haven't you noticed that?"

"Well, I've noticed a few things
along that line," said Mr. Bim.

"Then open your eyes a little wider
and you'll see more," said Harkness.
"I've got to go to union meeting or
I'd give you some pointers that
would do you good."

When Mr. Bim went to work Mon-
day he was called into Mr. Squeeza's
private office.

"How about the primaries tomor-
row night?" asked Mr. Squeeza.

"I've got my men lined up, sir."

"Well, see that there's no mistake.
We've got to give Judge Bloke our
delegation. We must secure his re-
nomination at all hazards."

"I'll do my best, sir," said Mr. Bim.
"I know you will, Mr. Bim," but see
to it that your best is what we want.
Good morning."

During the day Mr. Bim thought of
Harkness and wondered if he could
swing him into line for Bloke. He
asked him about it that evening and
Harkness was rather profane in his
refusal.

"Bloke? Not much. He's owned by
the corporations."

"You should not cultivate such dis-
respect for our courts, Harkness," said
Mr. Bim.

"Disrespect nothing. Such judges
as Bloke are entitled only to contempt.
He's a mere tool. Remember what I
tell you."

But Mr. Bim worked for Bloke, and
in due time Bloke was re-nominated.

Three days after election Heza,
Squeeza & Co. announced another 10
per cent reduction in wages and the
union men walked out. Mr. Bim, not
being union, remained at work. The
morning after the strike he picked up
his paper and noted that Judge Bloke
had issued an injunction restraining
the strikers from assembling in
groups of more than three, from ad-
dressing the strike breakers either
upon the streets or at their boarding
houses, from paying strike benefits,
from meeting in their union halls,
from holding religious services and
from walking the public streets
within sixty-seven blocks of the fac-
tory of Heza, Squeeza & Co.

Then Mr. Bim remembered what
Harkness had told him. This made
Mr. Bim think some more. Thinking
was becoming quite familiar to Mr.
Bim by this time.

The strike wore along for several
weeks, but was finally lost by reason
of added injunctions and the influx of
"strike breakers" who appeared mys-
teriously and talked as many lan-
guages as suddenly made appearance
at the tower of Babel. Wages were
lower than ever, but the price of
everything Mr. Bim had to buy were
mounting higher than the smokestack
of the factory. He found himself un-
able to add anything to his bank ac-

Bright's Disease and Diabetes Cured

University Chemist Acting as Judge

Irvine K. Mott, M. D., of Cincinnati, O., dem-
onstrated before the editorial board of the *Even-
ing Post*, one of the leading daily papers of Cin-
cinnati, the power of his
remedy to cure the worst
forms of kidney diseases.
Later a public test was in-
stituted under the auspi-
cies of the *Post*, and five
cases of Bright's Disease
and Diabetes were select-
ed by them and placed
under Dr. Mott's care. In
three months' time all
were pronounced cured,
one of the most promi-
nent Universities in the United States having
been chosen by the *Post* to make examination
of the cases before and after treatment.

Any one desiring to read the details of this
public test can obtain copies of the papers by
writing to Dr. Mott for them.

This public demonstration gave Dr. Mott an
international reputation that has brought him
into correspondence with people all over the
world, and several noted Europeans are num-
bered among those who have taken his treat-
ment and been cured.

The doctor will correspond with those who
are suffering with Bright's Disease, Diabetes or
any kidney trouble, either in the first, interme-
diate or last stages, and will be pleased to give
his expert opinion free to those who will send
him a description of their symptoms. An essay
which the doctor has prepared about kidney
troubles and describing his new method of treat-
ment will also be mailed by him. Correspond-
ence for this purpose should be addressed to
IRVINE K. MOTT, M. D., 89 Mitchell Building,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

count. Then he had to check out a
little. He couldn't add the back porch
that Mrs. Bim had wanted for so long.
He had to sell the pony and phaeton.
Then he had to resign from the sub-
urb club because the dues worried
him. Finally his bank account was
gone and he found himself unable to
meet the butcher's bill one month.

He asked Mr. Heza for an increase
in wages, but Mr. Heza shook his
head sadly and said he couldn't see
his way clear to grant the request.

"We're losing money every day,
Bim," he said. "We are only keeping
the factory going in order to give our
old employees work. We hope times
will grow better soon."

"But the papers say times are
good," protested Mr. Bim.

"All bosh," said Mr. Heza. "We
know better."

"But the books show larger profits
than ever, while the average expense
is thirty-three per cent lower than
ever," said Mr. Bim.

"That may be the appearance on the
books," said Heza. "But in actual ex-
perience it is not so."

Mr. Bim went back to work. He
had several more talks with Hark-
ness, who was doing odd jobs around
the suburb pending an opening.

"No work yet, Harkness?"

"No, I'm blacklisted."

"What's that?"

"Heza, Squeeza & Co. belong to the
American Association of Manufactur-
ers, and he's sent my name to them."

"But that's illegal," said Mr. Bim.

"Yes, and so are the trusts. But the
trusts go on just the same. When
some of our men violated Bloke's in-
junction they went to jail. When the
packers violated an injunction they
went to Europe and the watering
places."

Then Mr. Bim thought some more.
While thinking Monday came again
and he hastened over to the factory.

"Closed."

That is what met Mr. Bim's eyes.

(Continued on Page 16.)

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A trial bottle is sent prepaid, free of charge,
to every reader of this paper who has chronic
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